

## Moriarty and His Pipe

heard of it again. Particularly trusty man otherwise and long in our employ, so we hated to part with him. Must have tried it a few times before we got it right, but such a horrible thing of course, but we're so often cautioned him, and so forth, see?"

"The thin man rose.

"You're a genius," said he. "It's very thing."

"Tisn't genius," said the other, shortly. "It's a case of 'have to.'"

On the evening previous to the above conversation, the Commonwealth Explosives Works, in the dingy little village called the Plains, had verified its name by sailing skyward in the midst of a vivid purple display, accompanied by a roar like several concentrated Fourth of July which had shaken the earth for miles around. Several hours after the explosion, the little village of larches and some red cedars, a heap of wrecks stirred and rolled, and finally broke apart. From the wreckage came a thing, which wobbled about the ground in its vain attempts to crawl, a thing that crawled like a man crawling through the grove toward a light which shined in a window some little distance beyond. The thing made progress

worming, but always growling weakly. The light seemed leagues away, and moreover, it bubbled about in a wonderful fashion, and showed all variety of colors, from pale blue, sometimes white, to a pale pink. Sometimes it was lost to sight completely, and the world would utter a sound between a gasp and a moan, but it always crawled, until at last the light showed its kaleidoscopic colors on the man's hand. Then the thing, after numerous attempts, would rise up and sent out a frail shoot, while the light swung around in huge circles and dripped green sparks in its trail. Someone came swimming and bending down, said, "Good God! He's dead!" and jarred like heavy bells—then darkness.

It was late next afternoon when the thing opened its eyes, and even as it moaned in its pain the presses in the room began to vibrate. The men in their first editions were running out, and their first editions about the mortality's affection for his pipe.

Now to bring into the semblance of a man a thing which has soared through the air in company with loose boards and stray glass, and mislaid keys, and which takes some little time and a vast amount of surgical skill. Of time there was plenty, and there was no lack of other requirings, and hospital, to which the thing was finally taken, and where the operation was finally undertaken. Out of the patient worked wonders. Out of the battered mass of broken bones and lacerated flesh came slowly but surely the likeness of a human being—a very sorry human being, but a human being, disfigured, and ornamented with splints and bandages, and through it all, it clung to life with a tenacity which was little less than marvelous. After many weeks it was able to sit up every day in a chair. About the time that chinch-bug season began, the thing, reaching back to come across a bundle of weeks-old papers, he read there the account of the thoughtless Moriarty. It pleased him immensely. He chuckled and chuckled, and chuckled several times. Then he folded the paper and hid it under the pillow of his cot. Moriarty troubles seemed to be a powerful tonic for

him. He improved rapidly and near-  
ly recovered. The doctors insist by asking the  
man many times a day how long it would  
take before his condition would permit him  
to go out.

One visiting day he dictated a note and  
sent it out by the nurse. In the afternoon  
three men were taken to the bandage  
man's ward, where he sat propped up  
in his chair.

"Denny!" cried the foremost of the  
three, as he caught site of the shrunk  
figure.

The bandaged man favored them with  
a grin, which the crosser of adhesive tape  
enter on his face and the absence of a  
front teeth rendered particularly hideous.

"Sit down, sit down," he said, jovial-  
ly. "Let me the product of bad chemical  
will you."

The trio sat down and chatted away  
until a white-capped nurse gently blurted  
it was time for them to leave. Then the  
bandaged man turned to the visitor near

"'Dey," said he, "did you ever see a smoke?"

"I don't think I ever did, Denny," the man addressed replied.

The patient turned to the next in order and he said solemnly, "did you ever see me smoke?"

"Sure not," said Tom.

"Did you, Jim?" the patient went to address the third, who shook his head.

"Well, then," said he, "remember that I'll let it be known that I never smoked, keep that in mind." And when the third reached the street they agreed there was something wrong with Denny's mind.

It was a bright September day when a man left the hospital. He entered a carriage and drove to one of the office buildings downtown. He hobbled into a spacious office on the seventh floor. He crutches making a vigorous thumping sound as he left the hospital. He entered at a desk in the outer room and entered a smaller one, where a little man with a grey beard bent over a pile of letters. The man from the hospital sat down and began to read about his name and there was yet enough adhesive plaster on his face to make his grin rather plain.

nounced.

"Good morning," said he, pleasantly, sinking into a chair. "Don't let me trouble you with my business card."

"Well," said the other, sharply.

"Are you ready," the intruder asked. Then he grinned and the thin man expected a show that grin would have attained in a moment.

"I think I'll smoke," said the man with the crutches.

"Well, why don't you," the thin man queried, after a pause. "I smoke."

"I mean the other to produce his weed."

"No hurry," was the calm response. "I've got to learn first. Want me to learn don't you?"

"Want what—I want what?" said the thin man.

"You want me to learn to smoke, don't you?" the other went on. "'Course you want me to," he added, insinuatingly.

"Now see here," began the thin man but he was interrupted.

"I don't mind learning to smoke, but it's expensive. Costs a lot of money to smoke. I wouldn't undertake it less'n ten thousand dollars."

"What are you driving at?" growled the thin man. "What do I care whether you smoke or not?"

"Oh, if you don't care," the thin man said easily, "we'll make it five thousand. I'll smoke for that. I'll smoke any day, if I get that."

"Great heavens! I don't want you smoke. What is thunder—"

"Fifteen thousand and I smoke." The thin man had lost his temper.

"Fifteen thousand," he roared, "when the devil's your game? What'd I get you fifteen thousand for? Why should you give me the price of a two-for-even?"

"Because," said the man with the crutches, he grinned again and said half confidentially on the thin man's knee, "because," he purred, "my name's Mortality."

—Arthur E. F. Smith in the Boston Transcript.

**Didn't Want It.**  
(From the Baltimore American.)

## One Reg

"So you are going to leave?  
Do you think your wind is  
"Oh, I can blow the leaves  
"Yes; but I mean, do you  
run any business?"

**A Jun**  
(From the Chic  
"Paw, here's something

**The Progress**

(From the Phila  
Joakley—That's a clever  
Coakley—Yes; that's by  
promising marine painter  
he started life as a humble

Joakley—Ah! once a ha  
a drawer of water.

**Two M**  
(Where the Cleveland

"I don't see why I ke  
fatter. I eat only two m  
"I know, my love. B  
upon crowding your brea  
one meal and your dinn

**A Sport**  
(From )

Papa--He is a man who kind of game creature a then is disgusted if the with it."

**His Mis**  
(From the Atlant  
We find this bit of ph

change: "How come Br  
Fer ter fall,  
Br'er Williams?  
He knowed it

Like T  
(From the Chicago  
"Somehow," she said,  
without thinking of truth

"Is that so?" he asked  
was always doing something  
"Yes. Truth crushed to  
you know."  
"But what has that got

every girl in this town  
continue to come up smiling.

Waldo Emerson Backbay  
Shortsight's for lunch, and  
mamma asked him if he  
"Yes, mamma, the Mexi

Waldo Emerson Backba  
from the Pan-American E  
I fear his experience th  
continually decadent.

**Careb**  
(From the Ch  
"He's a good physicia

"That's just what he does," Jenkins said.

"Yes, it was. Not taken seriously. He failed to account for the circumstances and presence of the country when she came to Europe. I don't think

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